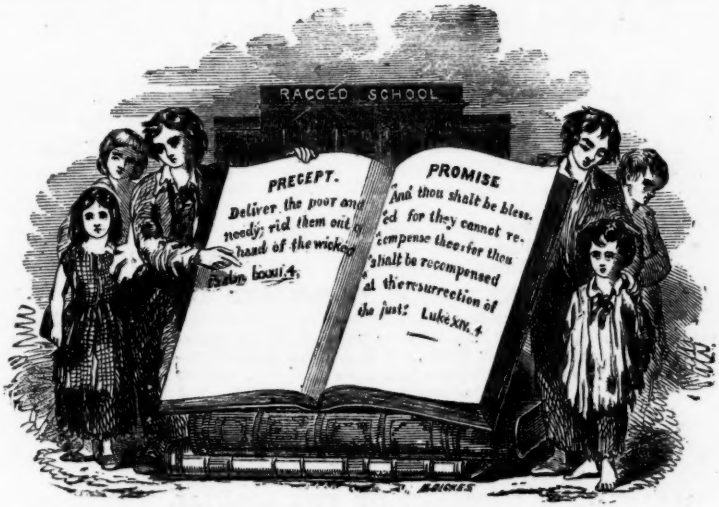
Price 2d.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

MAGAZINE.

No. CLXIII. JULY, 1862. Vol. XIV.


RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 4

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

CONTENTS.

Papers, Original and Selected—	Page
As the Homes, so the People; or Model Dwellings made to pay	145
Another of Life's Bye-ways, and what I found there	151
The Generous Beggar Boy	156
The Death of James Butler	157
The Great Change, and how it came about	160
The Teachers' Column—	
The Minister's Way to the Heart	151
The Children's Gallery—	
New Shoes	163
A Newsboy's Speech	164
Poetry—	
Albert, the Poor Man's Friend	165
Address to the Ragged School Union	165
Nothing to do	166
How Much do I deserve?	166
Notices of Meetings—	
Field Lane	166
Hinde's Mews, Marylebone	168

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg with thanks to acknowledge the receipt of a parcel of shirts and books from Mrs. Reade and Miss Loft; a parcel of clothing, from the Highgate Ladies' Working Party, for Perkins' Rents School; a parcel of clothes and books, from Miss Martin; and a bag of paper, for Rag Brigade, from Miss Moore.

Donations of old clothes, and books for forming Ragged School Libraries, will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

SPECIAL.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

THE Lord Mayor presided at a Special Meeting of the Society in the City of London, at which the Hon. Secretary read a paper *On the large extension of the Committee's operations, and the necessity for the public to give the Committee extended support.*

LARGE EXTENSION OF OPERATIONS IN LONDON.

In the last five years the increase is, only in part, shown by the following figures:—

The number of	Sunday Schools,	in 1856,	was 128	—but in 1861 it was	207.
"	Day "	"	98	"	161.
"	Evening "	"	117	"	215.
"	Penny Banks	"	61	"	86.
"	Parents' Meetings	"	34	"	88.

THE NEED FOR INCREASED HELP.

From an official examination of the Society's books, it has been shown that, during the last four years, the Committee have spent *the whole of each year's income* in meeting the urgent claims made upon their funds, *and, in addition,* have voted—

In support of Inmates in Refuges ...	...	£2,199	5 8
" " Emigration ...	...	297	1 5
To Schools and general operations ...	...	110	15 8
Amount expended in four years over and above the annual income ...		£2,607	2 9

UNANIMOUS DECISION OF THE SPECIAL MEETING.

"That the honest and straightforward appeal for funds now made by this Society ought to be at once responded to; and that subscriptions be made for the purpose of raising the required sum of £3,000; and that Deputations be recommended to wait upon the principal Merchants and Bankers of the City to solicit their pecuniary assistance."

RESULT OF THE APPEAL.

The Committee gave effect to this Resolution by at once issuing circular letters of appeal to those upon whom they could not call, and, by Deputation, waiting upon various City firms. By these and other means a sum of about £2,000 has been received.

The Committee earnestly hope Subscribers and Friends will send their intending Contributions to the Secretary, Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, at 1, Exeter Hall, with as little delay as may be convenient to them, as it is important that the resources of the Central Society should be sustained, in order to keep up the efficiency of all the Institutions under its auspices.

Drafts to be crossed Messrs. BARCLAY & Co.; and Post-Office Orders payable to JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

A FANCY SALE,

IN AID OF THE

St. Pancras Industrial School & Refuge,

GRAY'S INN ROAD,

IS TO BE HELD AT

THE MUSIC HALL,

STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE,

On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 3rd and 4th of JULY, 1862,

Between 2 and 6 o'Clock, when a Selection of Music on the Piano and Organ will be performed.

The Stalls will be furnished with an Assortment of Ladies' Work, Fancy Work, Clothes for the Poor, Toys, Children's Clothing, Water-Colour Drawings, Flowers, &c.

Additional Funds are much needed for this Institution, which provides Employment and a Home for the most destitute and neglected boys of the neighbouring Ragged Schools.

Those who are interested in the welfare of the Poor are respectfully invited to attend the proposed Sale.

Admission on Thursday, ONE SHILLING; on Friday, FREE.
Children Free on both days.

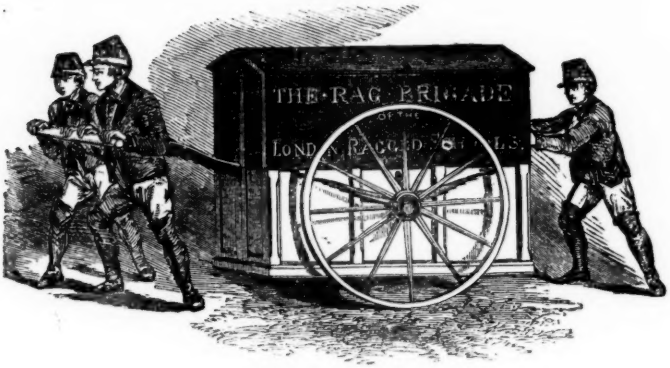
J. H. FORDHAM, 2, Stone Buildings, W.C., *Hon. Secretary.*

THE RAG COLLECTING BRIGADE

OF THE

LONDON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

CENTRAL DEPOT, ALBION PLACE, LONDON WALL,
MOORGATE.



CHAIRMAN.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

TREASURER.
HENRY EDMUND GURNEY, ESQ., Lombard Street.

HON. SECRETARIES.
GENERAL—MR. J. H. LLOYD, 29, Moorgate Street, E.C.
FINANCIAL—MR. RICHARD STONE, 3, Charlotte Row, Mansion House.

This Brigade has been established to provide employment for destitute Boys from our Ragged Schools, by the collection of Rags, Bones, Metals, Kitchen Stuff, Waste Paper (Old Letters, Envelopes, Account Books), Old Carpets, Goloshes, Rope, and Marketable refuse of all kinds, *for which there does not exist means of disposal generally commanding public confidence.* For such articles current prices are paid according to printed tariff.

It has now been in operation some little time, and its success has been so far remarkable; with only *Three* Trucks, in *one* month nearly four tons of stuff have been collected, the trucks always returning *full*, the demand for them being considerably greater than can be supplied. With Ten Trucks it is expected to pay commercially (*i.e.*, rent of Warehouse and Management).

This experiment, involving an outlay of nearly £200 for fittings of Warehouse, Boys' Uniform, Trucks, Printing, Postage, Advertisements, &c., has been made at nearly *the sole cost of the Committee.*

It is contemplated gradually to bring the whole of the metropolis under periodical visitation, and for that purpose no less than 650 Trucks, with 3,000 Boys and 1,000 Girls (as sorters) might be profitably employed. The provinces again will open a vast field; in fact the extent of the movement is only limited to the funds placed at the disposal of the Committee for the purchasing necessary plant and providing working capital; beyond this it will, of course, be self-supporting.

It is hoped that the practical character of the effort will commend itself to the judgment of the public, and that the Committee will receive their liberal assistance, which they very respectfully request, towards this *nationally* important work.

Donations will be gladly received by the Hon. Secretaries as above.

WANTED, at the FIELD LANE MALE NIGHT REFUGE for the HOMELESS, a thoroughly pious, active, and respectable MAN as MASTER. Salary £80 per annum.

Applications (by letter only) with testimonials, to be addressed, R. M., 60, West Street, Smithfield, E.C.

Also WANTED, a pious YOUNG MAN as PORTER and MESSENGER.

J. E. EAREE,

BREAKFAST AND TEA CONTRACTOR,

50, HACKNEY ROAD, NEAR SHOREDITCH CHURCH.

J. E. E. respectfully begs to inform the Clergy, Superintendents of Schools, and others who are in the practice of commemorating their Anniversaries, etc., by Public Breakfasts and Tea Meetings, that he has every requisite for such occasions, comprising Tables, Coppers, and China to any extent, in a superior style, at extremely moderate charges.

J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

Rout Seats on Reasonable Terms. Vans, and every requisite for Excursion Parties, with the entire Management, taken by Contract.

COMMUNICATIONS BY POST IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

THE

BRILL RAGGED SCHOOL

Was originally established in Smith's Place, Somers Town, in the year 1857—the school premises consisting only of the loft over a stable.

Finding their exertions crippled by want of space, and the unpleasant smell from the stable below, a great hindrance in obtaining teaching help, the Committee in 1860 set on foot a movement to obtain better accommodation. Preparations were made for a Bazaar to be held in 1861, and contributions solicited from the public. During these preparations a Building was offered in every respect eligible except the outlay required for repairs. With that drawback, however, it was easier to be obtained and fitted for use than a site for a new building, and to save it from getting into other hands, and to secure it for School purposes, the lease was purchased. The necessary repairs and alterations were then commenced under the impression that £60 or £70 would suffice to defray the expense. As the work progressed, however, it was found much more was necessary to be done than was expected; and when completed the repairs amounted to £140.

The Bazaar to which the Committee looked forward to clear them from their difficulties was fixed for the 12th and 13th November. Both days were wet,—it rained without ceasing from 9 A.M. on the 12th till 11 P.M. on the 13th, and the result was very unfavourable; and the Committee are now embarrassed by a debt of over £100.

Under these circumstances an appeal is made for help to this Institution, obtained after much labour and calculated to do so much good. The building is in the centre of Somers Town, one of the most depraved districts of the Metropolis: it consists of a large upper room capable of holding 200 Children, and three other rooms. At present the School, which is well attended, is opened on Sunday and during the week, and there are Religious Services for Adults.

Other Meetings and efforts can and will be made when the present state of embarrassment is got over; and the kind aid of friends of Ragged Schools is earnestly solicited.

The District and circumstances of the case are known to Mr. GENT, the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, to whom reference may be made, and by whom contributions will be received; also by Mr. MIRAMS, 35, Stanmore Street, Islington, N.

London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution.

Office, 200, Euston Road, near Euston Square, N.W.

PRESIDENT—REV. THOMAS DALE, CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

HOMES SUPPORTED BY THE INSTITUTION.

CENTRAL: 200, Euston Road, N.W.
NORTH: Cornwall Place, Holloway Rd., N.
WEST: Parson's Green, Fulham, S.W.
SOUTH: St. James Place, Old Kent Rd., S.E.

THE HALF YEAR.

By God's blessing one hundred and twenty-four young women have been admitted to the benefits of this Institution since January 1st, 1862. They belong by birth to

London.	Scotland.	Ireland.
Bedfordshire.	Kent.	Sussex.
Buckinghamshire.	Lincolnshire.	Suffolk.
Cambridgshire.	Montgomeryshire.	Surrey
Cornwall	Northamptonshire.	Somersetshire.
Essex.	Oxfordshire.	Warwickshire.
Hampshire.	Pembrokeshire.	Worcestershire.
Hartfordshire.	Shropshire.	Wiltshire.
Herefordshire.		

The work increases, and opportunities of saving poor young women occur daily, but the operations of the Committee are limited for want of greater funds. They appeal to every reader of this magazine to help them, and especially now, for frequently during the autumn months the income falls off, leaving no alternative but to refuse many deserving cases.

The average cost of each case is £10, therefore a donation or collection of that amount will meet the entire expenses of a young woman's reformation.

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Remittances always acknowledged by return of post.

OGLE MEWS RAGGED SCHOOL,

MARYLEBONE.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The Committee of this School again earnestly appeal to friends of Ragged Schools to aid them in their endeavour to obtain a suitable Building in which to continue their operations for the benefit of the surrounding poor. His Grace the Duke of Portland has generously granted their present site free of rent, but more than £250 is yet required to enable the Committee to erect the Building, which is now so urgently needed, more especially as Roman Catholic Schools are about to be erected in the immediate vicinity.

Plans have been adopted, and tenders for the work sent in, and the Committee trust friends will at once come forward to help, as they are unable to proceed until more funds are obtained.

Contributions will be thankfully received by—

The Rev. E. R. EARDLEY WILMOT, 10, Chandos Street, W.
Alderman Sir ROBERT W. CARDEN, 64, Wimpole Street, W.
Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

Papers, Original and Selected.

AS THE HOMES, SO THE PEOPLE;

OR, MODEL DWELLINGS MADE TO PAY.

In former times very little was known of the condition of the homes of the poor, and less still of interest was taken in the subject by the general public. In this respect, present times are better than the past. Commissioners have sat, taken evidence, and made their reports to Parliament. Philanthropists, medical men, and others have explored the unknown regions of "back slums," "rookeries," "fever dens," "little hells," and "devil's acres," and what they there discovered they made known to the world by means of newspapers, pamphlets, and the platform, till the public, or rather the leading spirits among the public, became so far educated as to arrive at the conclusion, "*That one of the best means by which we can most usefully assist in promoting the welfare of the poor and the labouring classes of the country is to improve the dwellings in which they live.*" To prevent this conclusion being a mere expression of opinion—a kind of dead faith—Royalty, nobility, clergy, and laity, have united in various combinations, and each sets before them the noble object, though not always to be realised by the same means, of improving the condition of the labouring classes. One of these associations, of which Lord Shaftesbury is the chairman, thus expresses their objects:—

The Society (for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes)* seeks to promote the important objects for which it is constituted by the following means, viz.: First, by erecting model buildings, renovating old and ill-arranged houses in the worst localities, and in cleansing and ventilating whole courts and alleys, in proportion to the state of its funds. Secondly, by arranging and executing plans, as models for the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring classes, both in the metropolis and in the manufacturing and agricultural districts. Thirdly, by the formation of county, parochial, and district associations, acting upon uniform plans and rules. Fourthly, by correspondence with clergymen, magistrates, landed proprietors, and others disposed to render assistance in their respective localities, either individually or as members of local associations.

Influence, philanthropy, science, and skill have thus been brought to bear upon the subject, and a standard of a decent habitation has been raised, which is pretty generally recognised as one that ought

* The office of this Society is at 21, Exeter Hall, where plans and specifications for labourers' cottages can be obtained.

to be attained. *Shall* has been substituted for "ought" by some, and they have erected model buildings, with barrack appearance, in each of which a hundred families, more or less, are accommodated. Such buildings, however, are few and far between. They may be seen in Columbia-square, in St. Giles's, in Westminster, in Spitalfields, and in St. Pancras; and the reason why they are so sparse is, that "they don't pay." That is, *commercially*. The rent is sufficient to meet all current expenses, and pay about three per cent. on the capital sunk. In a philanthropic point of view this is a success. But this success, however, is not sufficient for general enterprise; it will never tempt builders into the scheme. Individual and associated benevolence has its limits. It cannot furnish the houses needed and of the kind required. And Englishmen are better educated than to look to the Government to provide them with dwellings. It remains, therefore, to strike out some scheme by which the "concern" can be made to be as remunerative as the usual class of house buildings.

At a meeting of costermongers, held at their "club," in Duck-lane, Westminster, Mrs. Fison read a paper, after which the men present were asked to express their opinions on any subject brought before them, or on any other that they thought would most benefit the labouring man. One of the most thoughtful said, that instead of building expensive model houses, which were let at a rent beyond the means of such men as costermongers, houses should be erected that could be let within their means; and if the bedroom were large and ventilated properly, it might have three partitions not extending to the ceiling, but allowing a free current of air to pass through the room. One partition would be for the father and mother, a second for the girls of the family, and the third for the boys. No proper training in modesty or decency, said this intelligent man, could possibly be given, unless right arrangements were made.

At the meeting of the Association of Social Science, just held in the Guildhall, London, papers were read, in the Social Economy Department, on "Habitations for the Working Classes," and a discussion upon the subject took place in Burlington House, which will have the effect of disseminating valuable information, and it is hoped will lead men of business to give the varied schemes a full and liberal consideration. That the subject is being canvassed, and that, too, by practical men, we have had proof. One architect and building surveyor, Mr. Mortimer, of Gresham-street, has furnished

plans, sections, and elevations, and submitted them for criticism. That gentleman states that he possesses testimonials from builders of a great number of houses, on extensive estates lately built upon in the Metropolis and suburbs, and that these plans are recognised as very advantageous to the building trade and beneficial to the working classes; as the only plans complying with the Building Acts, giving separation, economy in materials and labour in their construction, perfect ventilation, with a garden for each tenant, at an extra profit, and at no more expense than the present class of houses now built.

The extensive buildings erected in various parts, by philanthropy or with a view to profit, have not yielded a sufficient return, on account of their expense, to induce capitalists or the trade to follow the example; also, not being so generally convenient or acceptable as houses will be of the common dimensions with gardens, embracing all the comforts and more suitable to the feelings of the community, by not having the barrack appearance; besides affording instances that the only way capital can be employed, to any extent, in building houses for the masses, is to build such as will pay better than those intended for other classes.

"LOOK ON THIS TABLE,"

Philanthropy with Capital and 3 per Cent.

The three-roomed dwellings in the Bethnal Green Model Lodging Houses, four storeys in height, with drying or play-ground on fifth floor, are always let, and produce a rent of 5*s.* 6*d.* weekly. Interest on outlay, 2½ to 3 per cent.

If 5*s.* 6*d.* rent, pay 3 per cent.
11*s.*, 6 per cent.
16*s.* 6*d.*, 9 per cent.
£1 2*s.* will pay 12 per cent.

"AND ON THIS."

Capital without Philanthropy, and 12 *per Cent.*

Mortimer's three-roomed dwellings, when built to the improved plans, only two storeys high, with separate garden and drying or play-ground attached, occupying no more frontage than close terrace-houses. If rent is 5*s.* 6*d.* weekly, will produce interest on outlay 12 per cent.

If 5*s.* 6*d.* rent pay 12 per cent.
4*s.* 1½*d.*, 9 per cent.
2*s.* 9*d.*, 6 per cent.
1*s.* 4½*d.* will pay 3 per cent."

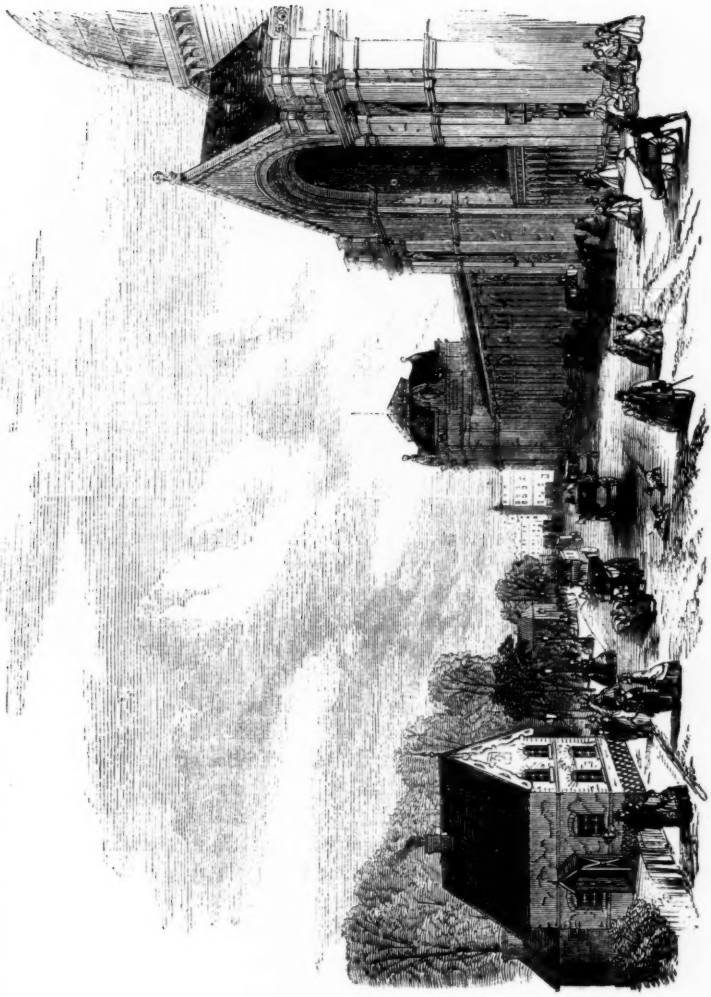
The above is Mr. Mortimer's conclusions; and, if correct, is just what is required. It is the great want of the age. The formation of railroads and new thoroughfares in densely-populated localities has caused thousands of houses to have been pulled down, but not re-built, so that those who inhabited them are overcrowding houses elsewhere. In these houses a single room will contain the father, mother, sons, and daughters, without a partition to preserve the common decencies of life. If in a house of ten rooms, there are ten or more families, numbering perhaps from fifty

to seventy souls, of all ages, can it be surprising that, under such circumstances, the girls should augment the social evil, the boys become inmates of Reformatories, the father a pot-house companion, and the mother a gossipping, gin-drinking slattern? Holy Writ has long taught that "if ye sow to the flesh, of the flesh ye shall reap corruption."

One of the most useful objects to be seen at the International Exhibition, at the present time, is a pair of model cottages, situated in the Exhibition-road. They have been erected by the Central

Cottage Improvement Society. Each house contains on the ground floor, a sitting-room, bedroom, or workroom, as may be required, 12 feet by 10 feet, containing a press-bed and two cupboards; kitchen, 12 feet by 9 feet, fitted up with oven and boiler-range; a pantry, and store-closet under the stairs. Wash-house, 8 feet 6 inches by 7 feet 9 inches; has a fire-place, fire-clay oven, copper, sink, and a dresser. Up-stairs: two convenient bed-rooms, 12 feet by 10 feet and 12 feet by 9 feet, with fire-places, stoves, and store-closets. All the rooms are well ventilated.

The objects of this Society, as well as of the Labourers' Friend Society already referred to, are to furnish Plans and Specifications for Suburban Dwellings for Artisans, also for Agricultural Labourers, for Village Lodging-Houses, and suggestions for the general improvement of existing Dwellings, Cottages, Gardens, &c.; and to



MODEL COTTAGES IN EXHIBITION-ROAD, KENSINGTON.

establish Auxiliary Societies, some of which are now in course of formation.

The special aim of the Society is practically to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the public the possibility of erecting dwellings, so much needed by the working classes, for a sum returning a fair rate of interest, in the neighbourhood of large towns, and remunerative (in agricultural districts) in many senses, particularly by improving the condition of the labourer.

Economy of space and material, compactness, solidity, convenience and salubrity, have been carefully studied, and it is hoped that this plan will give rise to others equally appropriate to these conditions.

The cost of erection by contract (through tender) is £215, and this closely corresponds with the estimate of the Society and the cost of those already built in various localities.

The Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., recommends the formation of Joint Stock Companies for giving effect to schemes of this kind.

At Hastings a kind of Joint Stock Society has been in operation four or five years. It has a capital of £12,000, in shares of £100 each, and has obtained possession of 100 houses. It has not built any, but merely taken existing houses and improved them. The gross rents they have received have been about 11½ per cent. on the total outlay, and the net rental, after paying rates, taxes, and insurance, has been about 8½ per cent. They have paid every year since they started a dividend of 6 per cent., and have laid by a reserve fund of from £200 to £300. At Red Hill there is another Society, which has been in operation for three years, and, in addition to an accumulating fund, has paid its shareholders a dividend of 5 per cent. The Society at Windsor has also paid a percentage upon its operations. In London the Society have directed their attention to the renovation of old houses, as well as to the building of new ones, and they have realised a net profit of about 4½ per cent. The experience of these societies shows that it is not, as some people fancy, a hopeless thing to get fair interest for money laid out in this manner, that it is not merely a scheme of pure benevolence and charity, but a proposal which, by an investment of money, will give a fair interest, and enable us to effect a vast amount of good.

Joint Stock Companies might be safely formed. They would purchase the property or take possession of it upon long leases. Then, if there are houses which are discreditable to the neighbour-

hood and the town, and in such a bad state of repair that they cannot be improved, they should at once be pulled down. But if the foundations are good and the outer walls are sound, the *modus operandi* should be to convert the tenement from one of discomfort into one of comfort and health. Care should be taken to provide grates capable of giving the greatest amount of warmth and cooking power at the smallest expenditure of fuel.

May we not hope that the large funds given by Mr. Peabody to the London poor will be used for a benevolent, yet profitable investment, not, perhaps, in the purchase of old, but in the erection of houses of such a character that while they are a great boon to the labourer, will yield a fair return for the capital expended.

"To raise buildings for the poor," says Charles Dickens, "on the surest foundation, they must be self-supporting. And to make them self-supporting two things only must be considered—*the barest, commonest decency, and the preservation of health.* We must think of the miles and miles of town we have got to reclaim from worse horrors than one dares to write of, and we must not be contented to furnish luxurious accommodation for a few, and these not the poorest of all, but simple brick-and-mortar structures, which shall afford decent and wholesome house-room to chimney-sweepers and dustmen."

ANOTHER OF LIFE'S BYE-WAYS, AND WHAT I FOUND THERE.

(*Continued from Page* 107.)

FREQUENTLY after our first interview, we met while the open-air services lasted; and often got into conversation; but reserve cold and compact was interposed between us as a shield; no gladiator in the arena of old Rome could parry a blow with more skill than he could any question he wished to remain unanswered. The boy was allowed to visit occasionally our little school—nearer acquaintance was somehow impossible. To us, as teachers, they were emphatically children of the mist.

After a few years' labour, I was, in the course of business, removed to another locality. But I had the pleasure of seeing our little outpost on the Thames before leaving it manned by some sturdy friends of the cause, and all its concerns presided over by a young godly minister and his wife. And now, after several years, it still holds out its "beacon ray" among the same people, and the souls of those bottle-necked courts and that oozy walk between the Ship and the Fox are daily fed and prayed for. Best of all, some of them are now in heaven that met me on my first exploratory march

with a lifetime's sins, unforgiven, upon their souls. From time to time I hear of its people and their labours, and often do I remember Mother Perry's birds of the wandering foot and the weary wing.

One morning just after family worship I was called to the door. How I stared to behold Zuccani! the son of our mysterious friend. He was a tall young man now; his eyes still floating in their chastened light—but sunk and hollow; his cheeks emaciated and flushed; his forehead, lips, and chin, of a cream colour; and his nose as if it had been pinched by powerful fingers. Over his whole countenance was spread that imploring look as when first I saw it, and his manner forcibly reminded me of the clinging plant rolled in the mud—it was there still, but prop and stay far away. I shook his clammy hand and invited him in. As I took one look more, I saw Consumption was about to mark him for her own if he was not immediately cared for, and I felt unutterably sad. I asked all to retire from the room. His elbow rested on a small table before the library window; and supporting his head on his hand, he looked me in the face and burst into tears. He tried to speak, but emotion made it impossible. At last he muttered, "Here again, sir."

"Can I do anything for you, Zuccani?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, you can save my life and prolong that of my dying father."

"How?" I exclaimed, my mind running to all the ends of the earth—"how, my boy?"

"Sir, will you write a letter for me—at least copy one which I have scratched down; for, sir, I can neither write nor read," (here he pulled out two or three sheets of crumbled post, stitched together with black thread). I tried to read what he had written, but in vain; the inscriptions on the walls of an Egyptian tomb were as clear to me as were the utterances of that bruised soul as they lay in cipher on the sheets of that queer letter. Thus much I learned from it, at least from his translation of it, that before me stood a youth with a story in his breast which, if unfolded, would glorify God, reflect honour on the Ragged School movement, and reveal to us one of those peculiar modes by which the Spirit at sundry times leads sinners to the Cross, for I could distinctly see God was dealing with him.

"To whom do you wish this letter to be sent, Zuccani?" I asked. Here he named one of those remarkable men whom we occasionally meet with among the commercial aristocracy of the metropolis; a man of the deepest piety, the highest intellect, and most commanding position as to influence and wealth—one of those masses of salt that keep sweet and fresh the sweltering bulk of the body mercantile. In a word, he wished our common friend to know the story of his life, and to employ his influence to give him, as he touchingly said—"to give him one chance to stand up in life on his own feet, if he got better."

"Well, Zuccani," I replied, "as far as I have power with our friend I will use it for you, but I think you would better leave it till to-morrow, and I will take the particulars from your own lips." I wished him to compose his weary heart and rest his wasted frame for a day; for during the conversation his countenance had assumed the appearance of one that is hovering on the brink of eternity, and go when he would, must take your heart with him; and there was a "dead set" in his shining eye, which, when hid from yours,

made you feel as if you were suddenly left in the dark. He was persuaded, and spent the day with us; we parted in the evening, he promising to return to-morrow.

According to promise, he called at ten the following morning. We retired to a back parlour lighted from the roof; having quietly settled down facing each other, I said, "Well, Zuccani, why do you wish to put our friend in possession of your personal history?"

"I have many reasons, sir, which my conduct, I hope, will declare better than my words. It is right, sir, to be honest—to speak with the lip exactly what you feel in your heart. Well, I earnestly desire you to do this kindness for me simply to enable me, if God will, to come out into life in some honourable way; I am tired living behind backs. Oh, if I were strong again, and had some healthy work to do, I would feel I was somebody! as it is, I have seen so much of misery and felt so much of it that I almost beg people's pardon for being in the world at all. I feel as if I had stumbled into it by a mistake, people make me feel I am so much in the way." As the wine sparkles in the crystal goblet, so did the blood mantle in his almost transparent cheek while he spoke. And from behind his hollow eye looked out on me a man, a *bonâ fide* man, bruised and broken to be sure, but nevertheless a man; and from out that skeleton came such a cry for a little fair play in the battle of life that one was bound to listen, and as "he held you with his glittering eye" a desire to help him seemed all you could be conscious of. I intuitively exclaimed, "Have then your wish, my boy, in God's name!" Stooping forward, he became absorbed in prayer. I disturbed him not. He was evidently collecting himself—bracing himself up. Meekly and quietly he looked up and said, "Now, sir, I am ready to reply to all your questions; but you know I am no scholar. You can put my words together and read their meaning."

"Well, Zuccani, who, or what was your father?"

"He was a gentleman's servant. My grandfather was an Italian, and earned his living as a teacher of dancing in London. My mother is an Englishwoman, from the county of Norfolk. My father and she met in service, being both employed by one master."

"What kind of a person is your mother, Zuccani?"

"She is, or at least was, considered a fine woman; but hard work, broken spirits, and many sorrows have altered her appearance. Yet, even now, she is a tall, powerful woman, with a will of her own strong as iron. I used to think, from the few glimpses I got of her in my childhood, mother was fit only to be a lady, and one of the earliest expressions of my lips was, "Father, don't she look nice!" But, sir, looks are not love; neither does fine stature make a mother. A kind heart with love in it, a quiet home and will to work for it, and faith in Jesus, that's the stuff REAL fathers and mothers are made of; all others are shams. At least so I think,"

"Zuccani, you seem to have had a hard lot in your younger days; where were you born?"

"My lot has been hard, but, ah! sir, all for the best, I believe. I was born in a narrow street running off one of the main thoroughfares of the north of London."

"How were you brought up?"

"For ten years after my birth my mother stayed at home, and acted as laundress to the family where my father was in service."

"Had you a happy home then?"

"My recollections of it are very dim, but two of them I have carried with me to this hour; yes, sir, and they will go with me to the grave; they used often to cross my mind when at play, they were the first links of that chain of affliction which, ever since I recollect, has bound every member of my nhappy home."

"What might they be, Zuccani?"

"When but a child I used often to puzzle my mind, sir, why it was that our house was so meanly furnished; and, when father came to see mother, what it was that made him all at once spring up, and, with one flourish of his hand, sweep all the little ornaments from the mantelpiece and send cups and saucers spinning out at the window, his eyes glancing like flames. Often did I sit at the root of a tree in the garden asking the question, what these things meant, crying and chewing my pinafore; then I would dart into a crowd of playfellows and try to forget, but often, between me and the sky, I would see like a dark shadow my father. I would stand dead still for a moment amid the fun and fury of the game, rub my eyes and look up, and run off to play again. Another scene is burned into the very centre of my heart, sir—their quarrelling. Often did words run high towards evening; from words they would sometimes proceed to a struggle. Often have I been thus aroused from my sleep, and in terror hid my face in the bedclothes, and wept and prayed; or, so frightened was I sometimes, I would spring naked to the floor and creep into a corner, and, falling on my knees, pray aloud. More than once their seeing me so employed has hushed them to silence. That unfurnished room, these whirlwinds of anger, are my earliest recollections of home. Awfully dull did they make the days, the long days, the dreary days I had to sit at the fireside. At last, sir, that fireside was deserted, its fire put out, and home I had none for many a day. I have lived with the stranger for years. That very day you saw us looking at the house in the court was the closing stage of a long journey among strange faces, and with people of cold hearts."

"But why, Zuccani, did father and mother live so unhappily?"

"Sir, it pulls the strings of a son's heart to lift the veil from off the frailties of a father and a mother. Drink, company, and temper on father's side; a sense of neglect preying on a high spirit, a warm heart, and an iron will on that of mother. These things made my boyhood all bitterness and cast my lot among strangers. To use an expression of mother's, that "Italian extrac" of my father filled a bitter cup for her and shaped a rough path for me. But, sir, it's all for the best. Allow me to leave this part of my story. Father and mother have many things for which I love them, and they are my parents."

He sat for a moment staring on vacancy. His whole soul was in the grasp of memories that tried it to the uttermost. Like a swimmer sitting on the beach after buffeting a strong current, he seemed weary and worn. Glad was I to hear the dinner-call sounding in the hall. We adjourned to dine, resolving to return to the narrative in the afternoon.

According to agreement we met in the back parlour in the afternoon.

So indelibly had succeeding events engraven themselves on his memory, so completely and distinctly had almost every person in the succeeding part of the narrative performed their part in his troubled life, that as he proceeded in his account he preserved their very looks, gestures, and words, so that each person acted for him and herself, in their own character. During that long afternoon and evening was displayed before me a remarkable instance of the power of affliction to reveal passing events in light so intensely clear, that they seem to burn their way into the very texture of the mind itself, and there they remain painfully exact in every particular. The photography of affliction is done by fire; its pictures stand forth in outlines crisped, charred, and scorched by the furnace. You have only by a simple act of memory to bring the soul on whose walls these pictures are burned in, to the dark and cloudy day when first they were put there, and immediately you awaken in the eye the wild light, bring to the cheek the flush of boiling blood, and the defiant curl into the lip incident to the day of oppression. You call forth all the faculties in a state of white heat, giving a pathos often melting to the simple utterance of the affections, as if the hour and power of the trial was again upon the sufferer; who, simply because he cannot help it, speaks forth his sorrow with an unnatural brilliance that works upon you and in you like a charm. Poor Zuccani that afternoon made to pass before me every spot and scene he passed through, as if I had been carried thither, and gave each actor his and her place in them so simply, so vividly, that I felt I had been personally introduced to them; and thus I have been able to sketch each locality as it now stands in its place in the metropolis, and each individual as though he had been sitting for his portrait to *me*. Oh, the minuteness, the faithfulness, the fiery rigour of affliction!

"Well, sir," commenced Zuccani, "things at home were now coming to a pass; something had to be done for a living. Both my parents had resolved to make some change in their work and way so as to earn more money. Meanwhile a little brother was born, who only lived a few months. This birth and death brought a crisis. My parents had never learned any trade. Work as domestic servants in some gentleman's house or want were the two alternatives, under present circumstances, which stared them in the face. And mother, like father, had resolved on the former. But they could not obtain employment under the same roof, therefore separation for a season must take place. Amid tears, accusations, and regrets, it was resolved that for a time we should cease to exist as a family. During one of the conversations on the subject, the only one I was permitted to hear, and that simply because it was high time I should know for the last day I was to be in a home with them for years to come, I waited till they were silent, and, looking up I said, 'And with which of you am I to go?'

"'You, my boy'—here both turned upon me their faces wet with tears—'You, Zuccani,' said father, 'are to be sent to lodgings; there you are to be trained to one of the finest professions in London.' Both again burst into tears and sobs.

"'If what you are to train me to be so nice, why does it make you weep?'

"'Hush, Zuccani, you shall know all to-morrow. A lady and gentleman will call here to-morrow, who will take you to their house, where, as I said, you will be trained, taught, and made a gentleman.'

"Now it was my turn to weep. I flung my arms round mother's neck and asked, 'Am I never to see you again?' and wept bitterly.

"'Yes, my darling boy, often will you see me,' she replied, 'but you know we are very poor, and we are going out to work for you, make money, and then will take and furnish a house, and you shall come home again; by that time also you will be making money yourself, and when we are all at home again we will be so happy.'

"I doubted, and from her manner she herself was anything but sure. My poor young soul was hovering on the edge of that desert through which I have passed, and that speech of mother's told me its Arabs were near; for, sir, there was but one day between me and a life among strangers for three miserable years—among the Arabs of London. Little did I sleep that night; often did I sketch the portraits of the lady and gentleman expected on the morrow, and deeply did I ponder the nature of that profession that was to make ME a gentleman, and as father did not say what it was, my suspense was intense. We were all early up the following day, the house put in order—nothing but tears and silence reigned. As for me, sir, I moved about as if in an hour I was to be slain. I was slain—my soul was, that day's deed murdered it outright. Had it not been for your Ragged School and these open-air sermons, my heart would never have come to life again. I was sad, sat down on a chair, looked to the ceiling, and cried. Mother sat opposite to me, and she was dumb. Father gazed out at the window, and now and then broke the quietness by mutterings, the meanings of which I could not catch. The knocker at last proclaimed the arrival of our visitors. We all started—were on our feet in a moment, just as if life had entered a number of statues in one of those yards on the New North-road, and set its stone women, shepherds, and little praying sailor-boys all a-reeling through each other. The blackest day I have ever seen is come, and the coldest hearts I have met in my life are on my father's stair!"

THE GENEROUS BEGGAR-BOY.

THE following incident is extracted from the Report just published of the Central Committee of the Yorkshire Penny Savings Bank:—

"At a Penny Bank established in the worst part of a large town in this county, a beggar-boy presented himself one night, obtained a Deposit Book, and put in a penny; he regularly deposited coppers on each Bank night after that, until the sum amounted to three shillings, when he applied to withdraw it. One of the Managers, interested in the lad, said, 'I hope you are not taking it out to spend foolishly this Whitsuntide.' 'No,' said the boy, 'I am not, but mother has not been able to go to church this long time, we are so poor, and father drinks so; but I have saved this money that mother may have a bonnet and gown to go to church in. I have seen a clothesman who will sell me them for three shillings, and mother shall have them and go to church as she wants, and then I will save again.' This lad was rescued from his beggar's life, and having served his probation satisfactorily in the Shoe-black Brigade, he is now employed as an errand-boy in a warehouse where only his benevolent masters know his history."

THE DEATH OF JAMES BUTLER.

We have to perform the melancholy duty of recording the very sudden death of James Butler, one of our best workers in the Ragged School cause. He who has been called away suddenly to his reward in the very midst of his labours, and in the prime of life, was possessed of conspicuous talents for this peculiar work, and during his career was most successful in his efforts to reclaim those who were brought within his daily influence.

In habits and manners he was unassuming, and his work was performed in the simplest and quietest way; but it was not the less effectively done because it was done quietly. From his innate modesty of character and want of address, he was little known amongst the body of Ragged School teachers—his element was within the school; but those who associated with him constantly could well appreciate the *rare* merits displayed by him in the capacities of teacher of, and adviser to, those under his charge, and by them his loss is mourned most sincerely.

James Butler began his career as a Ragged School teacher in the year 1844, in Vine-court Ragged School, Spitalfields, the only one then in existence at the east end of London. He was induced to engage in this work by a friend then teaching in the same school, and nobly he responded to the invitation, for from the time that he resolved to put his hand to the plough it can be confidently affirmed he never looked back. At the first his tact in managing the rough class that attended the school—chiefly young thieves, cadgers, and costermongers—was discovered, and about twenty of the most intractable were placed under his care in a separate room, and from the known characters and antecedents of these boys, it acquired the name of the "refractory class." No other teacher in the school could or dared attempt to act as his substitute if absent, consequently he never could be away without producing the most dire confusion and disorder; he was therefore from necessity, as well as choice, most regular and punctual in his attendance.

An incident was told the writer by a contemporary teacher in this school which will convey a partial idea of the species which he spent his life, especially the early portion of it, in trying to benefit, and that not unsuccessfully, for many of them have grown up to manhood, and have attributed, in a great degree, their escape from a career of infamy and vice to his solicitude for their welfare, and also of the character of the man, for he had not been at the time very long engaged in the work.

I quote the incident as narrated to me:—

"I well remember at one time hearing a terrible disturbance in his classroom, and on going in to ascertain the cause, I found, to my utter astonishment, Mr. Butler and a boy dubbed '*the picture of bad luck*,' from the fact of his appearance not being the most prepossessing, rolling on the floor covered in soot. It appears the boy had crawled unperceived up the chimney while his teacher turned his back, and being missed, a search was made, which resulted in the discovery of the young rascal's feet peering from out of the chimney, and without any more ado, Mr. Butler, with that *sang froid* peculiar to himself, pulled him into the middle of the room, amidst the tumult and shouts of his class."

Subsequently, when an amalgamation took place between the Vine-court and King-street Ragged Schools, which resulted in the opening of the present Hope-street Ragged School, he became a teacher in that School, with which he continued his connection up to the time of his death. The services that he rendered in it were most invaluable; for a considerable time they were purely of a voluntary character; later, however, he took the charge of the Week Night School, and in the capacity of master thereof, displayed such excellent qualifications, that he not only gained the regard of the boys and girls, but the esteem of the Committee and supporters of the institution.

He had no fixed plan that he adhered to in the treatment of his scholars. The two prominent features that secured him almost invariable success, even with the most sullen and vicious, were his great discernment of disposition and his thorough command over his own temper; these two qualities stood him in good stead in the greatest emergencies. He united with these a great love of order, and an aptitude in gaining very quickly the regard of those whom he taught. The most unmanageable soon softened under his kind but firm treatment—none, indeed, could resist the almost fatherly interest that he took in all his scholars' little affairs, counselling them not only upon the most momentous subjects, but likewise upon all the little ins and outs of their daily life, whether in business, at home, or elsewhere. His influence did not stop here, for it was felt in the homes of the children as well, where he was a frequent visitor, and always gladly welcomed.

By sad reverses in trade, his means were very much reduced within the last two years, and he found it a hard struggle to provide for the daily wants of his family. Notwithstanding this daily cause of anxiety, he was always found at his post, discharging his duties with the same earnestness that characterised his work under more cheerful circumstances. It may be said with truth that his heart was thoroughly in his work.

The continued depression in his trade reacted upon the man very much latterly, and shortly before he procured the situation of Superintendent of the Night Refuge at Field-lane Ragged School in March last, he became very low-spirited.

This favourable change, however, in his circumstances, gave him renewed courage, and although he felt extreme reluctance in relinquishing his post at the old school, in which he had worked for so many years, and with which so many pleasing recollections were associated, yet he did not altogether cease his connection when he commenced his labours in a new sphere, for he gave his Sunday afternoons, and much of his leisure time in the week, to the old place.

The cloud under which he had been for so long appeared now to be clearing away; for him there seemed a *bright* future of good earnest work in *two* important spheres, but, alas! the brightness was but of very short duration; in three short months he was stricken down by typhus fever whilst at the Refuge, and died on the 17th May, ten days after he took to his bed. That which appeared to his wife and family the *harbinger* of a peaceful and happy change in all their prospects, has proved to be but the precursor of misery and desolation to them. Truly the dealings of the Almighty are mysterious and beyond human comprehension. To us such a sudden removal of a thoroughly earnest and efficient workman appears anomalous, but as poor

Butler said himself, in reply to a fellow teacher who was deploring the loss Hope-street School would sustain when he left it for the Refuge, "*God's work does not depend upon one man.*" We may imagine that we are the life and soul of the Lord's cause in our own little sphere, and that our removal would be injurious to its interests. Not so. The extension of the kingdom is not dependent upon you or me, reader; it has within it the germs of everlasting growth and fertility; if one branch be lopped off, there is sufficient vitality in the glorious root to throw forth other shoots, so that by-and-by, according to the promise, its majestic arms shall afford shelter to all who seek its shade. The rearing of the Saviour's temple still proceeds, although one workman after another is called away; he may add but one stone to the pile, or hew into shape and comeliness but one misshapen block, but he has done his allotted task, and blessed is he if he has done it to the best of his ability. Others may have to take up the work where he left it off; he has nevertheless done his part; and when the key-stone is put to the arch, and the glorious and sublime fabric towers aloft, to the admiration of all beholders, he who did but little to the structure, but did *it well*, shall be as much entitled to join in the shouts of praise that shall ring through the infinity of space, as he who was permitted to first help in rearing it. What an epitaph does the career of such a life leave behind it in the memories of those who came within its influence; how insignificant do all the mausoleums of the great and mighty, with their proud panegyrics, appear when contrasted with it! Here is the best part of a life spent in benefiting, in the highest sense, his species, although that life was a hard fight, and fraught with many trials and anxieties.

Behind him, still to grapple with the difficulties that he had to contend with, he has left his widow and children. Is it saying too much to say that they have a claim—and a strong one—upon the sympathies of all who feel an interest not only in the Ragged School work, but in the cause of God? The ages of the children are 14, 11, 8, and 5; the eldest and youngest are boys. It is proposed to make efforts to get the two youngest, the boy and girl, into one or two of the orphan asylums. Application has already been made to the Asylum for Fatherless Children on behalf of the boy, and help, in the shape of votes for the January election, will be of the greatest assistance. The case is deserving of support and help, not only on the ground of the position the father occupied, but because the widow and children are quite destitute, and have no resources themselves. Either pecuniary aid or promise of votes for the Asylum, will be thankfully received by Mr. J. G. Gent, 1, Exeter Hall. For eighteen years Mr. Gent had a personal knowledge of the late James Butler, which began from the time he entered on his Ragged School labours in Vine-court, in the year 1844, and continued to the day he was taken ill. On that day Mr. Gent met Mr. Butler at the early morning prayer-meeting of the Field-lane School. On retiring from that meeting to the breakfast-table, in reply to a question put by Mr. Gent, Mr. Butler said he was quite well, had become accustomed to his Refuge work, and now hoped for a useful future. On that very day he was sent home ill, took to his bed, and in a few short days passed to that blessed rest that awaits the hard-working, humble disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE GREAT CHANGE, AND HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

'Twas a cloudy evening, the chilly wind blew fiercely round the corners of the streets, whirling the dust in Ellen Grey's face as she passed rapidly through the gathering gloom. "Almost home," she murmured, "and right glad am I, for 'tis bitter cold to-night."

A sob smote on her ear, and turning to see from whom it proceeded, her eye fell on a little girl who sat on the curbstone weeping bitterly. "Poor child," she said softly, "what is the matter? Why do you cry so?"

The child looked wonderingly up into the sweet face, so full of pity, and with tears answered, "Because—because I am tired and cold and hungry, for I haven't had anything to eat all day; and I don't want to go home, for father 'll beat me if he's cross, and he's 'most always cross nowadays, and mother can't get any sewing to do;" and the sad story ended as it had begun, in tears.

Ellen's resolve was quickly taken; she forgot how cold she was, her heart was so warm with pity. Amid the gathering darkness she went with the child to her miserable home; and such a scene of suffering! Two pale, thin children lay fast asleep on a heap of straw, near which sat, or rather crouched, a most wretched-looking man. Even by the scanty light from the street lamp opposite, she could plainly see that he was a drunkard; but he was not drunk then, nor cross either, for his look was one of utter despair. A woman so grief-stricken that it seemed as though one feather's weight more of suffering would crush her entirely, rose as Ellen Grey entered, a painful flush crimsoning her wan face; for though neat, her clothes were much worn, and she had neither shoes nor stockings.

Ellen quickly explained her reasons for coming, and gathered from the woman a piteous account of their sufferings. The family name was Howard. They were poor; but as long as the mother could obtain work, they had not suffered from hunger or cold. Now she could get nothing to do, their money was gone, and they had not tasted food that day. "She did not care for herself," she said, "but what would become of her poor children?"

A deep groan burst from the lips of the wretched father, and rising, he tottered towards the door. Ellen Grey saw the wife's appealing look, and springing towards him, she laid her hand on his arm. "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "don't go out. I want to help you. Only promise me two things—that you won't drink rum any more, and that next Sabbath you will attend the house of God. Just promise me this, and I will help you. I will get some food for your family, and ask some of my friends to give you work."

The poor man looked bewildered, and it was only when the sweet girl had once and again urged her request, that the required promise was given.

"Oh, sir," and Ellen Grey's tones were full of gladness, "I'm so glad you've promised; but you mustn't try to keep it alone, you must ask God to help you." Tears were raining down the man's haggard face, and his wife was on her knees beside him. "I'm afraid He won't hear me," was his broken reply, "I've been so wicked. My mother used to tell me He wouldn't receive prayers from unclean lips, and mine must be unclean, for

I have taken God's name in vain several times to-day. Oh, lady, you pray. Kneel right down here, and pray now, and I'll promise you I won't swear any more, and I'll learn to pray too."

So Ellen Grey bent the knee in the drunkard's wretched home, craving help from God for them and theirs.

Ellen Grey was only a factory girl in a busy city, and had little for charity, but that little was freely given. In this case more was needed than she had in her power to bestow, so she applied to several of her friends whose means were ample. Judge of her surprise when from one and another came the chilling answer, "I can't waste my money so. He'll spend all you give him in drink. You'll only throw your money away." One man, however, said "he would give him employment, if he'd sign the pledge and keep sober." Ellen did not get much aid, but she denied herself, and did what she could for them.

A few days saw Howard steadily at work, and his family more comfortable. The Sabbath came, and true to his promise, he appeared in the house of God.

Weeks passed; it seemed a time of general revival, and among the hearers of the word in the church who felt the joy of sins forgiven were both Howard and his wife.

How Ellen Grey's heart glowed within her when, with voice tremulous with emotion, Mr. Howard related what God had done for him and his, and asked to be taken into communion with the Church of Christ.

Tears stood in eyes all unused to weep as he told how, like an angel sent from God, Ellen Grey came to his miserable home—how she pleaded with him to turn from the error of his ways—how, above all, she had pointed him to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," and how he and his family would ever love her, and pray God to bless us here and hereafter.

Humbly and consistently do Mr. Howard and his family walk in the pathway that leadeth to the "upper country," the "home beyond the tide;" and Ellen Grey blesses God that He gave her this work to do for Him.

Who would not be an Ellen Grey, serving Him who has said of kind deeds rendered here, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me?"

The Teachers' Column.

THE MINISTER'S WAY TO THE HEART.

A MINISTER was one day walking on a Sunday morning to his Sunday-school, and as he turned the corner of a little narrow street, a short way to his school, he saw a parcel of little boys, Arabs of the street, engaged in playing at marbles. They saw him as he came, and as they saw him the greater part of them got up their marbles, and in a moment were off like a shot before he could catch them. One little boy did not happen to see the minister at first, and before he could get his marbles, or muster his strength to make off the minister had him.

Then came the grand question, What was to be said, what was to be done? There were confronted, face to face, the minister of Christ and the little ignorant, dark, benighted child. Now, many a one would have said, "Oh! you little Sabbath-breaker, you deserve to be punished;" or others, "You are found out in your bad way; you had better come along with me."

The Gospel minister was not a man of that kind. He was one of those who knew that kindness, tenderness, and affection were the ways to get at the heart; and he said to the little boy, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No, sir," said the child, "there is one I have not found." "Then," said the minister, "I will try and help you to find it:" so they stooped down and searched, and they found the marble at last.

"Are you fond of playing marbles, my boy?" was the next question. "Yes, sir, I am." "So used I to be," said the minister; "and I think I could beat you myself if we were to have a game, only I never play on a Sunday."

The poor little boy's countenance expanded. He looked with confidence at the kind man who spoke to him, and he thought, "I have found, not an enemy, but a friend."

"If you will come with me, my boy," said the minister, "I will bring you to a place where you will see something better than playing marbles, and hear something you will like to hear." He was told it was to the Sunday-school; and, after a little hesitation, he said he would go, but that he was so dirty he was not fit to go. "Then," said the minister, "here is a pump at which you can wash your face and hands." "But I cannot pump and wash," said the boy. The minister pumped, and the boy washed, and he gave him his handkerchief to dry himself with, which the boy took, after hesitating on the ground that it was so clean.

He then took the minister's hand, and they proceeded to the Sunday-school. When they got near it, the busy hum of voices through the windows startled him, and he was afraid to go in, saying that the boys would laugh at him, and make fun of him. "Another time I will go, sir, but not now."

Here was the crisis of the boy's life.

"I promise you," said the minister, "that if you come in they shall not laugh at you, or turn you to jest. Take my hand, and come." He did so, and the minister brought him to one of the most experienced teachers in the school, and told him the story. The boy was treated kindly.

He came regularly afterwards, and learned to read and study the Scriptures. His father and mother were poor, drunken, profligate people, and were glad that the boy should be noticed, so they did not object. By-and-by he became one of the sharpest boys in the school, was afterwards apprenticed, and after some time the minister lost sight of him, and never saw his face for twenty years.

One day, as he passed through the streets of Philadelphia, he saw a gentleman-like man, who stopped him and said, "Sir, do you know me?" "No, I do not." "Ah! do you not remember twenty years ago finding a little boy in the street playing at marbles, speaking to him kindly, pumping for him while he washed, and bringing him to your Sunday-school? Sir, I am that boy. The world has since gone well with me; I have prospered in business, and, through the blessing of God, possess a considerable fortune. All that I am and all that I have I owe, under God, to your kindness, your wise kindness, your aggressive kindness, in laying hold of me by the shoulder that day, and treating me kindly and tenderly; not rebuking me, not being hard with me, but dealing gently with me affectionately. Now I can thank and bless you." The good man thus reaped the reward of his labours after many days.

The Children's Gallery.

NEW SHOES.

HERE is a very pretty story of a poor child to whom a pair of shoes was an almost unheard-of thing. It shows how easy it is to make others happy by enquiring into their little wants, and thus, perhaps, making them useful and good men and women for life.

Little Sally sat by the shady brook-side, occasionally dropping a little bread-crumb into the water, to see the tiny fishes swarm around the spot. The sweet church-bells were ringing loud and clear for the Sabbath School; but she, poor child, had never been taught to go. Two sisters were passing by, and stopped a moment to speak with her.

"Oh, Sally, please come to Sunday School with us, and not play here all day. It is so wicked to play on Sunday."

"I can't go to your school, Miss Alice, for I haven't no shoes." And she glanced rather ruefully at her little brown feet, as they tried to hide themselves in the soft green grass.

"Would you go, Sally, if you had shoes?"

"'Deed I would, Miss Alice, and be glad too."

"Then I will tell Miss McKay about you; and I am sure she will contrive some way. Good morning, Sally. Please don't play to-day." And the little girls hastened on, that they might not be late at Sabbath School.

Their kind teacher was interested at once in the little neglected child, and promised to call the next day upon her mother. The children were very glad, and told Sally of the visitor she might expect, as they chanced to meet her on their return, with her lips and fingers deeply stained with blue-berries, which the poor untaught child had been gathering on the holy Sabbath-day.

Miss McKay called, as she had promised, and her gentle, winning ways soon gained the confidence of mother and child. After a little pleasant talk about the Sabbath School, she asked Sally if she did not think she might earn the pair of shoes she wished so much, by picking blue-berries, which were nice and ripe just then.

"My mother wishes a good many this week, and if you will pick them nice and clean, she would like to buy them of you."

Sally was delighted with the plan, and prepared to go about it directly. You may wonder, perhaps, why Miss McKay did not give her the shoes at once, as she could well afford to do it. But she had learned the lesson that the best way to help the poor is to teach them *to help themselves*.

By Thursday night Sally had earned her shoes, and in the delight of her heart she ran all the way home to show them to her mother. Then she scampered off as fast as possible over the fields, to show them to Alice and Louise, who were walking together in their father's beautiful park. "Ain't they beauties?" she cried, as she held them up. "Mother has fixed up my other clothes, so I can go to Sunday School, and I am so glad, though my bonnet is not very nice," she added. "Can't you take off your bonnets there, Alice?"

"We do not; but come into the house, please, and we will ask mother about it."

All were glad that Sally had persevered so well; and Alice's mother gave her a pretty, plain straw bonnet, trimmed with a nice green and white ribbon, which so much surprised and pleased the little girl that she could scarcely say a word.

The earning of that pair of new shoes was the starting-point in Sally's course of improvement, and she lived to grow up a useful Christian woman.

A NEWSBOY'S SPEECH.

The Children's Aid Society, of New York, send many of the vagrant lads of the city to the West, where they find good homes. Some of these boys in all their misfortunes have a humorous eye for their situation—as witness the following speech delivered by one of them at the Newsboys' Lodging House, before the departure of the last company. The report is a faithful one, made on the spot. Paddy Beef—for this is his nickname—mounted a chair, and thus held forth:—

"Boys, gintlemen, chummies,—Praps you'd like to hear summit about the West, the great West, you know, where so many of our old friends are settled down, and growin' up to be the greatest men in the Republic. Boys, that's the place for growing Congress-men, and Governors, and Presidents. Do you want to be newsboys always, and shoe-blacks, and timber-merchants in a small way by sellin' matches? If ye do you'll stay in New York, but if you don't you'll go out West, and begin to be farmers; for the beginning of a farmer, my boys, is the making of a Congress-man and a President. Do you want to be rowdies, and loafers, and shoulder-hitters? If ye do, why ye can keep round these diggins. Do you want to be gentlemen and independent citizens?—You do—then make tracks for the West, from the Children's Aid Society. If yez want to be snoozers, and rummys, and policy-players, and Peter Funks' men, why, you'll hang your caps and stay round the groceries, and jine fire engine an' target companies, and go firein' at hay stacks for bad quarters; but if ye want to be the man who will make his mark in the country, ye will get up steam, and go ahead, and there's lots on the prairies a waitin' for yez.

"You haven't any idear of what you may be yet, if ye will only take a bit of my advice. How do you know, but if you are honest, and good, and industrious, you may get so much up in the ranks that you won't call a gineral or a judge your boss? And you'll have servants ov all kinds to tend you, to put you to bed when you are sleepy, and to spoon down your vittels when you are gettin' your grub. Oh, boys, won't that be great! Only think—to have a fellow to open your mouth, and put great slices of pumpkin pie and apple dumplings into it. You will be lifted on hossback when you go for to take a ride on the prairies, and if you choose to go in a wagon, or on a 'scursion, you will find that the hard times don't touch you there; and the best of it will be that if 'tis good to-day, 'twill be better to-morrow.

"But how will it be if you don't go' boys? Why I'm afeard when you grow too big to live in the Lodging House any longer, you'll be like lost sheep in the wilderness, as we heard of last Sunday night here, and you'll maybe not find your way out and more. But you'll be found somewhere else. The best of you will be something short of judges and governors, and the feller as has the worst luck, and the worst behaver in the groceries will be very sure to go from them to the prisons.

"I will now come from the stump. I am booked for the West in the next company from the Lodging House. I hear they have big school-houses and colleges there, and that they have a place for me in the winter time; I want to be somebody, and somebody don't live here no how. You'll find him on a farm in the west, and I hope you'll come to see him soon, and stop with him when you go, and let every one of yous be somebody, and be loved and respected. I thank yous boys for your patient attention. I can't say more at present. I hope I haven't said too much."—*Tribune.*

Poetry.

ALBERT,

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

O NOBLE Prince! though high-born was thy lot,
The poor man's cause was ever in thy mind,
His wants and woes were ne'er by thee forgot:
Thou livest yet—in blessings left behind.

For deeds of love and kindness thou hast done
Shall prove the best "Memorial" we can raise
To thy blest memory; for thou hast won
The hearts of rich and poor to speak thy praise.

And thou art gone! the gifted and the good,
From all the changes of this troubled scene,
Whose noble form so late before us stood,
Whose honoured name a household word hath been.

And thou, loved Sovereign of this favoured isle,
Of thy best earthly treasure now bereft,
Once more on thee shall peace and comfort smile;
For many a blessing still to thee is left.

For thou hast manly sons and daughters fair,
A loyal people standing round thy throne,
Who ever in thy joys and sorrows share,
And this thy deepest trouble make their own.

Grieve not, O gracious Queen! at Heaven's high will,
Nor mourn in hopeless grief the sainted dead;
The darkest cloud is sent in mercy still,
To fall in blessings on thy royal head!

Then farewell, noble Prince! friend of the poor!
On earth we miss thy sympathy and care;
We hope in heaven to meet when life is o'er,
For rich and poor may find a welcome there.

S. S. B.

ADDRESS TO THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

BLESSED "Union," hail! thou source of good
To thousands far and nèar!
May Heaven's smile upon thee rest
For many a future year!

That precious smile, infusing grace,
And perfecting the fruit
Which hangs upon the goodly tree
That has in heaven its root.

God grant thee blessing, strength, and aid
In this His vineyard here,
And make thy wing the medium blest
Through which thou may'st prepare

Full many a reckless, wandering soul
To meet its God in heaven,
The Saviour seek, with all the joys
That spring from sins forgiven.

O sacred path! O hallowed walk!
The same which Jesus trod,
Himself the "way, the truth, the life,"
Which leads man back to God!*

Hastings. R.

---

* "To stay the torrent of ignorance and depravity, and, by the blessing of God, to seize hold of such outcasts of society before they sink deeper, and implant in the mind the glorious truths of the Gospel, is the peculiar work of the Ragged School."

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do?" O pause, and look round
At those oppressed with want and sorrow too!
Look at the wrongs, the sufferings that abound,
Ere yet thou sayest there's nought for thee to do.

"Nothing to do?" Are there no hearts that ache—
No care-worn breasts that heave an anguished sigh—
No burthens that thy hands may lighter make—
No bitter tears thy sympathy might dry?

Are there no hungry whom thy hand may feed—
No sick to aid, no naked to be clad?
Are there no blind whose footsteps thou mayest lead—
No mourning heart that thou could'st make less sad?

"Nothing to do?" Hast thou no store of gold—
No wealth of time that thou should'st well employ?
No hidden talent that thou should'st unfold—
No gifts that thou should'st use for others' joy?

"Nothing to do?" O look without, within,
Be to thyself and to thy duties true;
Look on the world, its troubles and its sin,
And own that thou hast much indeed to do!—*Scattered Seeds.*

HOW MUCH DO I DESERVE?

How many poor indigent children I see,
Who want all the comforts bestowed upon me!
But though I'm preserved from such want and distress,
I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,
How many the cravings of appetite feel!
Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,
Who yet have no money their wants to supply.

If I were so destitute, friendless and poor,
How could I such hardship and suffering endure?
Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore
My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am blessed,
May it be my delight to relieve the distressed;
For God has declared, and his promise is sure,
That blessed are they who consider the poor.

Notices of Meetings.

FIELD LANE.

The Annual Meeting was held in St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday, May 7th, 1862, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury in the Chair.

The Secretary read the Report, of which the following are extracts:—

"Ragged Schools are confessedly becoming an efficient instrument in the promotion of God's work amongst the poorer classes, and therefore, as such, have a permanent and irresistible claim on the support of every Christian. The following brief statement exhibits some

of the means employed by the Institution to ameliorate the condition, and to improve the habits of those who have attended its varied operations, and will show some gratifying results.

"An Infant School, light, airy, and roomy, admits children as soon as they are able to walk, till they are seven years old, when they are transferred to the Day Schools. Daily average attendance, 205; 201 fresh scholars have been admitted during the year.

"Day School for Boys and Girls.—The number of scholars admitted during the year, 330; average attendance, 350. Of 359 present at one time, 171 were deprived of one or both parents. Upwards of 80 girls in the Day School Sewing-Class made 1,125 garments. 115 boys and 87 girls have obtained situations through the Schools; 80 homeless boys sent to Institutions and Refuges; 79 to the Royal Navy; 17 restored to their friends; and 7 girls sent to Refuges.

"Night School for Boys, who, in the first instance, have been snatched from the vortex of crime, and placed out early in life in some industrial occupation, before being well grounded in reading, writing, and arithmetic, which they are here taught; and to check attendance at the low theatres. Open on Monday and Wednesday evenings. Average attendance, 180.

"Boys' Industrial Classes.—In these Classes the boys and men are taught how to repair their own boots and clothing, and make themselves tidy by their own exertions; for which purpose masters in tailoring and shoemaking give instructions and supply materials. They have done much good: 810 have been admitted to the Shoemaking Class, and 915 to the Tailoring. Sent to situations, 15.

"Elder Girls' Night School, for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, to girls placed out before being taught the elements of education. The majority attending are domestic servants, girls in warehouses, or uncertain occupations. The number attending varies from 100 to 150.

"The Industrial Class is under voluntary teachers. Besides teaching the girls how to make and mend their own clothing, the teachers, by their affectionate interest and kindness, obtain a lasting hold on the memories and affections of their class. Average attendance, 120. Garments made, over 500. Gone into situations, 15.

"Penny Bank.—There are now 500 depositors upon the books, who paid in during the year £231 16s. 5d., and withdrew £158 16s. 2d., leaving a balance of £73 0s. 3d. in the hands of the Treasurer. It proved most useful to the poor in the winter season.

Male Refuge for the Homeless.—Since the last report, 7,537 persons have passed through this Refuge, who received lodging and bread. The majority of those admitted were men and boys out of employment, and driven to avail themselves of its shelter by absolute necessity. It has supplied a link whereby they are again connected with society, in all its entirety and usefulness, by their own exertions. By recommendation, clothing, &c., 253 have been sent to situations, 181 obtained work, 54 sent to Reformatories and Refuges, 41 restored to their friends, 25 enlisted into the Army, and 106 into the Royal Navy and Merchant Service. Total, 640.

"Female Refuge for the Homeless.—2,300 homeless females have been received into the Large Dormitory, and 278 respectable servants into the Servants' Room. These inmates also received lodging and bread. Every bed has been occupied throughout the year. During the year 350 have been provided with outfits, and sent to domestic service; 99 into Institutions and Homes; 86 into constant needlework; 16 to Unions, from illness, requiring nursing; 15 sent to their own parishes in the country; 23 to Hospitals; 78 restored to their friends; 14 boarded and lodged away from the Refuge till provided for; 2 provided with stock for sale; and 156 different kinds of employment. Total, 839.

"Bible Schools are held on Friday evening, and three times on the Lord's-day; the attendants comprising the Day School children and their parents, in-

mates of both Refuges, youths in situations, and all strangers who like to attend; these schools are instructed by upwards of 60 Voluntary Teachers. Numbers vary from 200 to 500. Through the recommendations of teachers, situations have been obtained for 50.

"The Ragged Church Service on the Lord's-day morning, established for the benefit of the whole Institution, has done much good, and is fully appreciated. Summer attendance, 180; winter, 200 to 300.

"Special Service for Parents on Lord's-day Evening.—This service was established for the parents of the children attending the School, and the poor of the neighbourhood who attended no place of worship whatever, and who were living in utter disregard of all moral and religious duties. The attendance varies from 80 to 100.

"The School Missionary calls upon the families who attend the schools; visits the sick; reads the Word of God at their homes; endeavours to persuade the people to attend the house of prayer; and brings under notice the cases of distress. He reports that "scarcely a child is now found upon his district who does not attend some school." Upwards of 4,000 visits have thus been paid to 900 families.

"Finance.—The year's receipts, including balance of £945 17s. 3d., were £2,844 11s. 10d., and the expenditure amounted to £2,634 4s. 1d., leaving a balance in hand of £250 7s. 9d.

HINDE'S MEWS, MARYLEBONE.

The anniversary meeting of this institute was recently held in the lecture-room of the Young Women's Christian Association, Great Marlborough-street, when the Earl of Shaftesbury took the chair. There was a large attendance of visitors and friends. Mr. W. O. Smith, the hon. secretary, read the report, from which we take the following extracts:—

"This school has, since the year 1840, continued to pursue its course of usefulness. During the summer months special addresses, illustrated by the diagrams of the Working Men's Educational Union, have been given. The school-room has also continued to be devoted to the secular education of the boys and girls, under the direction of the schoolmaster, on three evenings in the week. But the interests of the Sabbath School unquestionably claim pre-eminence in the scale of usefulness, the attendance up to the present time being 204, which is a decided increase, who are rewarded each evening by the distribution of Scripture tickets, which at convenient seasons are exchanged for Bibles, Testaments, Hymn-books, &c. Each scholar is also presented with a copy of 'Our Children's Magazine' on the first Sabbath evening in every month. There has been the formation of a sewing class, for the purpose of teaching the girls the art of mending their own clothes, presided over by two kind ladies, assisted by the rest of the female teachers. There has also been a meeting of old scholars, who were invited to spend the evening with their superintendent and teachers. The other usual occasions of festal enjoyment have taken place; tea-meetings for the children, entertained by the illustrated lectures, and magic lantern, and the usual Annual Excursion to Erith Gardens. The school has unfortunately sustained the loss of its late experienced secretary, Mr. F. Draper, who for upwards of ten years ably fulfilled that office. The teachers continue to hold a prayer-meeting after school hours, on the second and fourth Sabbath evenings in the month, on which occasion many of the children remain with them. We have much pleasure in acknowledging the presentation of a quantity of very useful forms and desks, for which we are indebted to the St. George's, Hanover-square, Schools."

The financial statement showed the receipts for the past two years to be £224 13s. 6½d., expenditure £247 7s. 2d., balance due to treasurer, £22 13s. 7¾d.

The interests of this valuable school were warmly pleaded by Revs. J. Butler and A. Johnson, and by W. J. Maxwell, Esq., Messrs. E. J. Hytche, G. Miller, Piggott, and Smith.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION,

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street, E.C.

HON. SEC.—MR. W. LOCKE. HON. SOLICITOR.—E. JENNINGS, Esq.

SECRETARY.—MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

COLLECTOR.—MR. WILLIAM F. BLAKE, 11, Blenheim Villas, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & CO., 54, Lombard Street.

The following Contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of May, 1862, to the 20th of June, 1862.

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Abbott, Mr. T.	1	0	0
Anonymous	0	10	0
Batten, Mrs.	0	10	0
Bourke, Mrs. G. R.	0	5	0
Burchett, J. R., Esq.	2	2	0
Burn, A., Esq.	1	0	0
Child, Mr. James	0	10	0
Child, Mr. J.	0	5	0
Clements, Rev. G. H. J.	5	0	0
Cockerell, Miss S.	2	10	3
Collins, Mrs.	1	0	0
Collison, H., Esq.	1	1	0
Complin, Miss	1	1	0
Crabb, T. E., Esq.	1	1	0
Downing, G. F., Esq.	3	3	0
Drewett, Miss	0	10	0
E. M. R. (collected in farthings)	0	5	0
Friend, A	0	10	0
Fry, Miss	0	5	0
Gee, Thomas, Esq.	2	0	0
Gladstone, J. H., Esq.	10	10	0
Harvey, the Misses	3	0	0
Haig, H. A., Esq.	10	0	0
Hawkins, Miss J.	2	0	0
H. M. B.	2	2	0
Hughes, Geo., Esq.	2	0	0
Jenkins, Mr. P.	0	2	6
Jenkins, Mrs. P.	1	15	6
Kinahan, Messrs.	5	5	0
Maidlow, John, Esq.	3	0	0
Martin, Sir Henry	1	0	0
Minton, Rev. T. W.	1	1	0
Paley, Mrs. G. B.	1	1	0
Pym, Mrs.	1	10	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Rycroft, Sir R., Bart.	10	0	0
Say, Miss H. H.	2	0	0
Smith, Mrs.	1	0	0
Tinney, W. H., Esq.	5	0	0
Tomlinson, Mrs.	2	0	0
Trimmer, E. J. Esq.	5	0	0
Usborne, Miss M.	1	0	0
Webb, R. J., Esq.	2	2	0
Wimbush, Mrs. H.	1	1	0
Wyon, J. S., Esq.	1	1	0

Refuge Fund.

	£	s.	d.
G. F. Downing, Esq.	1	1	0

Excursion Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Downing, G. F., Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. McAll	2	10	0
Mrs. F. Whitlow	1	0	0

School Fund.

Little Saffron Hill.

	£	s.	d.
Digby, Mrs.	2	5	6

Cripples' Home.

	£	s.	d.
McAll, Mrs.	2	10	0

Brill Place.

	£	s.	d.
F. J. W., Mrs.	2	10	0

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be thankfully received at the OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY, 1, EXETER HALL, STRAND, W.C.; by Messrs. HATCHARD & SON, 187, Piccadilly; Messrs. NISBET & Co., 21, Berners Street; Messrs. KENT & Co., Paternoster Row; and by the Collector, Mr. WILLIAM BLAKE, 11, Blenheim Villas, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

Post-office Orders should be made payable at Charing Cross, Strand, London, to Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, *Secretary*, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

Le Sommier Elastique Portatif.

HEAL & SON

HAVE PATENTED A METHOD OF MAKING A

SPRING MATTRESS PORTABLE.

The great objection to the usual Spring Mattress is its being so heavy and cumbersome.

The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF" is made in three separate parts, and when joined together has all the elasticity of the best Spring Mattress. As it has no stuffing of wool or horse-hair, it cannot harbour moth, to which the usual Spring Mattress is very liable; the prices, also, are much below those of the best Spring Mattresses, viz.:—

3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long	£2	5	0
3 ft. 6 in. „ „	2	10	0
4 ft. „ „	2	15	0
4 ft. 6 in. „ „	3	0	0
5 ft. „ „	3	5	0
5 ft. 6 in. „ „	3	10	0

The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF," therefore, combines the advantages of elasticity, durability, cleanliness, portability, and cheapness.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE,

Sent free by Post on application.

196, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

Printed by ROBERT KINGSTON BURT, of No. 40, Highbury New Park, in the County of Middlesex, at his Office, Holborn Hill, in the City of London; and published by Kent & Co., 21, Paternoster Row, in the City of London.—TUESDAY, JULY 1st, 1862.